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## Select Poetry.

THE CUP OF DEATH.

BY JOHN W. BEAZELL.

The cup of death is by thy side,  
With blood upon its edge;  
And thou hast drained its fiery tide,  
Regardless of its pledge.

The bubbles on its foaming brink  
Are tears your wife has shed,  
The red drops falling as you drink,  
Your starving children's blood.

Then drain again its maddening flow,  
Nor heed its with'ring light;  
The foam that streaks its ruddy glow,  
Thy parent's locks of white.

Drink on, thy loving sister's eyes  
Are wet with tears for thee;  
Her aching heart and bitter sighs  
Are added to thy glee!

But soon no more that cup shall drain,  
No more will be its slave;  
Thy broken heart, (how dark the stain,  
Will find the drunkard's grave.

## Select Tales.

### THE SHINING EYES.

The first meeting of Daniel Boone, the hunter of Kentucky, with the maiden who afterwards became his wife, is thus narrated by his Biographer:—  
"Young Boone was one night engaged in a fire-hunt with a young friend, their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom which skirted the stream that wound round Bryant's pleasant plantation. That reader may have an idea what sort of a pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in, during an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire-hunt."

"Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes, bears on his shoulder what is called a fire pan, full of blazing pine knots, which cast a flickering gleam through the forest. The second follows, at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot, is called in the hunter's phrase—*shining the eyes*."

"The two young men reached the corner of the farmer's field at an early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customary signal to his mounted companion, that preceded him, to stop—an indication that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Boone dismounted and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes, to rest the right distance for a shot."

"The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eyes when thus shined. The mild brilliancy of the two orbs was distinctly visible. Whether warned by sentiment, or arrested by a palpitation and strange feelings within; at noting a new expression in the blue and dewy light that gleamed in his eyes, we saw that. But the unerring rifle fell, and a rustling told him that the game had fled."

"Something whispered him it was not a deer, and yet the fleet step, as the game bounded away, might easily be mistaken for that of the light footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game, and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might. The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the location of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field exercises, and scarcely less fleet footed than a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little distance parallel with a high fence, and then turning, with a quickness and gymnastics, of which the hunter was not prepared to see."

"Contrasted with his rifle, the deer's movements, was driven by a humiliating expedient, and an outline of the deer's head, as it directed him to the direct line of the deer's flight. He was surrounded by a dense thicket of brush, and the deer, having resulted from a long and hard ride, when he had first shined those liquid blue eyes. The dogs opened on him as he approached the house, and advanced the master of the house, that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs, and

learned the name of his visitor, he introduced him to his family as the son of their neighbor Boone.

"Scarcely had the first words of introduction been uttered, before the opposite door opened, and a boy apparently of seven and a girl of sixteen, rushed in panting for breath, and seeming affrighted."

"Sister went down to the river, a panther chased her, and she is almost scared to death," exclaimed the boy.

"The ruddy, flaxen haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration."

"Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor," was the laconic introduction.

"Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise the most energetic influence."

"The circumstances of the introduction were favorable to the result, and the young hunter felt that the eyes had shined his bosom as fatally as his rifle shot had over the innocent deer of the thickets."

"She, too, when she saw the light, open, bold forehead, the clear, keen yet gentle, affectionate eye, the firm front, and the impress of decision and fearlessness of the hunter—when she interpreted a look which said as distinctly as looks could say it, 'how terrible it would have been to have fired!' can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference."

"Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her beau ideal of excellence. The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions and read novels stored with unreal pictures of love and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden illusions, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maiden modesty."

"As for Boone, he was remarkable for the backwardness of never beating out of his track, and he ceased not to woo until he had gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted successfully, and they were married."

### THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night of the battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from General Greene to Count Pulaski, a noble Pole, who took a prominent part in our freedom. He was quartered in a neat farm house, near the upper fort. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time he called out—  
"Mary, my lass, Mary!"

In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

"Did you call me, count?" said she, timidly.

"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, beaming his tall form to kiss her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me your dear Pulaski. This is a republic, my little favorite. We have no Counts, you know."

"But are you a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you come a long way over the ocean to fight for us?"

"Yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way; the reason why, was, I had to come, in a measure. Now can you get for this gentleman and myself, a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night."

"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.

"Fine pleasant girl," said Pulaski, "would that I had the wealth that I once possessed, I might give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabout after her sweet face."

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing the Brandywine creek and being on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Kniphausen, with a large force advancing up the side of the creek and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper fords of the river and creek.

It soon happened that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders, I passed, immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. The house was on fire. Near the door step lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out of the terrible wound. I had not been there but half a minute, when Pulaski at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house.

Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the mangled form.

"Who did this?"

A little boy that had not been before noticed, who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said:

"There, there they go!"

### HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

As Mr. Everett will in all probability be the Whig candidate for the Presidency in 1856, the following sketch of him by a Boston correspondent of the Herald will prove interesting:—

Mr. Everett, whose scholarship, purity of life and consistency of political character has never been questioned, stands in an important position, as the representative of the opinions of a majority of Northern people. Mr. Everett now resides in Summer street, Boston, where he has one of those roomy old fashioned mansions, whose spacious halls, wide stair cases and extensive apartments carry the visitor back to the days of hoops, farthingales, high-heeled shoes, powder, square cut coats, bag wigs, knee breeches and silver buckles. Mr. Everett is essentially a man of method—his life is based upon a plan, and his household follows the example of his master. He is now fifty-nine years old, having been born in Dorchester, in April, 1794. In scholastic attainments he has no superior, and his learning is not only profound, but thorough and far-reaching. In his writings he displays more particularly the methodical habits of life.

Everything which he publishes or pronounces is previously prepared, and every comma is carefully considered before it appears. In oratory he is graceful, brilliant, fervid and effective. His voice is not so deep, full, powerful as Webster's, but he excels the "Norton" in grace and elegance of diction. In person he is not so remarkable. His height is five feet nine inches, his person is well formed, and his face when in repose, more expressive of hard study than great genius. His hair is light, his eyes of a delicate blue, his features regularly formed and gracefully chiselled. He now spends most of his time in study, and his library is considered, both in contents and arrangement, to be superior to that of any private gentleman in this country.

In manners, Mr. Everett is refined, amiable and courteous. By refusing to assume the airs of an aristocrat, he rather adds to his dignity than detracts from it. It is cheering to know that his physical organization is at present in a most healthful state. This brief review of the man has been given merely to gratify the reasonable curiosity of a very large class in the community, who desire to know all about a man whose works have attracted and still do attract so large a share of attention both at home and abroad. Oxford University, (England,) some years ago, tendered to Mr. Everett the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

### VELVET RELIGION.

Every time the golden gates of a new week open, and usher in a fresh born Sunday, many a man who has his thousands and his coach and two, repairs to the fashionable church. Entering the sanctuary with an air of reverence, he treads the soft carpet of the aisle to his pew, seats himself upon the velvet cushion, opens the gilt edged, morocco-bound hymn-book, and goes through the entire service to the inward satisfaction of himself and the admiration of all. How majestically he walks out as soon as the last prayer has been uttered! As the voluminous notes of the organ swell upon his ear his heart throbs with pride, and he mentally exclaims—"What a good man am I!"

All this while—it is a bitter cold day in winter, remember—the driver of his coach and two has been busily employed at the church door in self flagellation and numerous ill-natured stamps on the carriage-floor, in order to keep up the circulation of his blood. There he must wait, and wait, thinking the sermon is very long, and wishing he might enter the precincts of the temple, if only to warm his feet. He can get help thinking—for the red-nosed, half-frozen inanimate has a mind—that his master has precious little religion and less kindness. Soon he is inclined to believe he has none of either. Finally, by a logical deduction, he arrives at the conclusion that he has something worse than either—he has hypocrisy, pride, cruelty and heartlessness—and the driver stamps unusually hard, perhaps as much to give vent to his indignation as to drive the frost out of his boots. Without entering the sweeping denunciations, we must say that it does not look exactly Christian; and it is a sight we behold every Sunday. Perhaps the driver wants to worship God himself, and perhaps not. At all events, it looks very singular—those twenty or thirty carriages in a row before the church every Sunday. It speaks to us of velvet religion.—*Family Friend*.

A DEEPERATE LIE.—The St. Louis Republican says that one day last week as one of the trains was leaving the Pacific Railroad depot, a horse was put in one of the cattle cars, and at once became so much frightened at the strangeness of his position as to become unmanageable. Finally he uttered frantic cries, broke his halter gave one leap, and cleared the top rail of the car. He fell forward and between the cars on the coupling, where he was supported until the locomotive and cars could be stopped. Before assistance could be rendered, he released himself from his difficult position, and away he bounded over the prairie. He was a good deal bruised, but sustained no serious injury.

### A COSTLY NECKLACE.

The most valuable article of *hyponoria* on exhibition in the Crystal Palace is said to be owned in N. Y. City. It is a pearl necklace, which consists of a wreath of pearls with a large diamond in the midst, and is valued at \$15,000. It is said that a millionaire, recently appointed by President Pierce to a diplomatic post in Europe, offered \$14,500 for it, but that price was refused.

### THE NORWALK TRAGEDY.

The Norwalk tragedy was rather a costly operation for the Company. It has already paid near two hundred thousand dollars to those who were injured, and to the relatives who were killed.

### A HAPPY HOME.

A correspondent of the Lady's Repository under the very pretty cognomen of "Minnie" gives in a recent number of that publication, the following illustration, which contains a power of significance:

The first year of a married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and husband then assimilate their views and desires, or else conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward.

I have somewhere read, says Rev. Dr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested the bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of his cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed:

"Pull the line."

She pulled at his request as far as she could.

"He cried."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband.

But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull the line so long as her husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round and they both pulled at one end, it came over with ease.

"There!" said he, as the line fell from the roof, you see how hard and inefficient was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together."

It will be so with us, my reader, through life! If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede if they wish to make home a haven of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be union of action, sweetness of spirit and great forbearance of love, in both husband and wife to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

### BALLOON ASCENSION.

A boy named Joseph Gates, aged 16 made a remarkable balloon ascension from Oakland, opposite San Francisco, California, on the 25th of August. The balloon was of the largest size, but was not sufficiently inflated and would not raise with the current. The car was then taken off and a small board lashed across the hoop. Upon this the aeronaut took his seat, but he was too heavy. The crowd then called for a boy, and Gates who was near peddling fruit, gave his basket to his partner and jumped on board; and without any provisions or clothing more than his ordinary suit he rose, before the aeronaut could give him any instructions, more than to pull the rope when he wished to come down. The boy sat upon the hoop which was only an inch square and leaned back upon the cords. When up about half a mile, he pulled the cord and it broke. The balloon flew rapidly to the north-east, at a height of about 2 1/2 miles. The boy retained his presence of mind, took out his knife, opened it, put it in his teeth, and tried to climb the cords to cut the balloon; but the cords were only a quarter of an inch in thickness, and he could not climb them. The gas finally escaped so that the balloon descended about 15 miles from Benicia, in Suisun Valley, and 50 miles in a direct line from the starting point.

CULTURE TO CORN IN OHIO.—Ohio is the first State in the Union in the production of Indian corn, as it is of wheat. The culture therefore, of corn in Ohio is no unimportant thing to the whole country. About sixty millions of bushels, one-tenth of all raised in the nation, is raised in this State. This 60,000,000 is raised on about 1,650,000 acres of land; so that the average crop is thirty-seven bushels to an acre. When it is considered how much upland of inferior quality is planted in corn, and how little it receives good cultivation, this must be considered a very high average. The average by counties may be seen by the following examples, in which some of the best, and worst corn lands in the State.

Counties.	Average.
Butler.	49 1/2 bush.
Chick.	42 1/2 "
Pickaway.	40 "
Ross.	40 "
Warren.	41 1/2 "
Adams.	33 "
Angels.	30 "
Clarke.	30 "
Cuyahoga.	31 "
Jackson.	28 "
Lawrence.	30 "
Montgomery.	30 "
Sandusky.	30 "
Vinton.	32 "
Washington.	34 "

It will be seen that the first five average 30 per cent. more than the last. The corn in the former is raised mostly on the bottoms, and in the latter counties, mostly on the hills.—*Railroad Record*.

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### AMERICAN MANNERS.

Dr. Potter, in a recent address at Albany, said:

"I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or effeminate in manners. We do not want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our pretence of sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home, and on the continent in every situation. I never saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in any unbecoming manner. So long as the State feel itself obliged to provide 'spittingons' for its legislative hall—so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to put inside their carriages printed requests to the passengers to use the spittoons and not the floor, and not to put their feet on the seats—so long as we shall continue to follow conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised, if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense."

And in the meantime let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined."

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RAG.

We copy the following scrap of history from the Albany Transcript:

I was born at the New York Mills. My earliest recollection is being made into a garment for a beautiful young lady I have no time to relate the various vicissitudes of my life from that time to the present. After going through a great many hard rubs—from which I always came out cleaner and whiter than I went in—I was at last ungratefully thrown aside as all worn out things are from friends to over shoes. Huddled up with a large number of fellow rags, we were all ignominiously crammed into a foul smelling bag by the chambermaid—a young lady who wore ear-rings and a pink marino polka, and who always made up the beds in full toilet; she gave me to the cook who sold us to a ragman for fifteen cents, with which she bought two yards and half of red ribbon to wear at the Grand Annual Scullion Ball.

But now the most remarkable portion of my singular career is coming. Just two weeks from that day we were thrown into a heap in one corner of a paper warehouse, I and my companions found our selves ground up, transmuted, and brought before the world in a new and fresher form than ever; we were made into paper, upon which the Transcript was printed. Yes! in one fortnight from the time I was ungratefully thrown aside by my mistress I was again brought to her in my new shape, and for an hour held her beautiful attention while she read the breathless thoughts and fancies stamped on my snowy surface! This was revenge enough, and honor enough for the poor despised rag.

### THE LAW OF UMBRELLAS.

The following is from the "Editor's Table" of the last number of the Knickerbocker:

Sec. 1. If you are away from home and caught suddenly in a shower, and you see an umbrella standing in some corner, for which there appears to be no owner, and being much in need of it, to save you from a wet jacket, you take it *sans ceremony*—that is stealing.

Sec. 2. If you have a cotton umbrella, and in your haste to get away, or because the lights in the hall are dim, exchange it for a neat silk umbrella—that is stealing.

Sec. 3. If, in stress of weather, you borrow one from an obliging friend who insists on your taking it, and do not impress upon your recollection to restore it to him the next day—that is stealing.

Sec. 4. If you find a stray umbrella in your house, which has been accidentally left, and you give it home room without making any effort to find the bereaved owner—that is stealing.

Sec. 5. If you make the beneficent showers, which are the gift of God, a pretext for breaking his laws, then you are—*stealing* a thief.

N. B. Keep a shocking bad hat always on hand, if you do not wear one constantly on your head; and you will be relieved from a great temptation to sinning.

### MARRY.

Jeremy Taylor says if you are for pleasure, marry—if you prize rose health, marry—and, even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counselors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

### RUM IS LIKE DEATH.

An Alderman with a brick in his hat would just as soon fraternize with a chimney sweep as with a foreign envoy.

### A PROMISING YOUTH.

What can you do? asked a traveller of a countryman who he saw in front of a farmer's house, tucking a toad with a straw.

"Oh, I can do more'n considerable—I rides the turkeys to water, erds down the old roast-r-pus up the pigs' tails in paper to make 'em curl, hamstrings the grasshoppers keeps taily for'd and mum when they scold at mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayer in the mornin'."

When our hearts shall be free from the bondage of unmix'd evil, and take that further degree of freedom, a full release from their cleaving to good things which are too low and scant for their capacity; when they shall exp-ose them-selves to the highest good, and be constantly making over to it the strength they are ever gathering in from the hell ship of such an object, we shall have perfect freedom and know what the spaciousness of the heart is.

### STATE OF MATRIMONY.

It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cries and babies on the other. Its chief productions are broomsticks and staying out late at nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you cross the equatorial line of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal road leading into this interesting State consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against.

One—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth a month in the year.

One hole in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will learn all others in company bad tricks.

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One good newspaper is a good thing in every family.

AN EFFETUAL PREACHER.—A hard working man, who had been a long time sober, was passing down Hamilton street last evening partially intoxicated, when he was met by his son—a bright-eyed, neatly dressed boy of some 12 years of age. He tried to induce his father to go to his home. He was at first repulsed; but he continued his earnest pleading for some time, when the father took a bottle of whisky from his pocket, dashed it to pieces in the street, and taking his boy's hand, walked home with him. It was a scene for a painter.—*Albany Jour.*

### A GENTLEMAN ASKED A SHEPHERD.

"whether that wate might be passed over or not."

"Yes," says he—but upon trying, he dounced over head and ears.

"Why, you rogue," says he, "did you not tell me it might be passed over?"

"Indeed sir," says he, "I thought so for my green go over, and back every day, and I did not doubt but you were as wise as a goose."

### THE CASE OF THE UNITED STATES VS. COL. COLLIER.

Col. Collier, tried before Judge Jewett at Steubenville, has been dismissed by granting a writ of habeas corpus, and the Col. discharged from the custody of the Marshal.

### I SAY SIMBO, DOES YE KNOW WHAT MAKES DE CORN GROW SO LAST WHEN YOU PUTS DE MANURE ON IT?

"No, I don't know hardly, 'cept it makes de groun' stronger for de corn."

"Now I jist tell ye. Why de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de lumery, so it hurries out de groun' and gets up as high as possible, so as not to breathe de bad air."

### THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN STATES, ON RELEVANT AUTHORITY, THAT IF AT TWO FEET ABOVE THE THROAT OF YOUR CHIMNEY YOU ENLARGE THE OPENING TO DOUBLE THE SIZE, FOR THE SPACE OF TWO FEET, THEN CARRY UP THE REST AS AT FIRST, YOUR CHIMNEY WILL NOT SMOKE.

### "THE LIFE OF THE FEEDER IS BETTER THAN THE LIFE OF THE FIGHTER," SAID JEFFERSON IN 1821. THE REMARK IS TRUE IN 1853, AND WILL KEEP TRUE FOR A CENTURY—EXPERIENCE ALL THE WHILE TESTIFYING TO ITS CORRECTNESS.

### THERE ARE THREE CANDIDATES FOR SECRETARY OF STATE IN WISCONSIN, ALL OF WHOM ARE EDITORS OF NEWSPAPERS. WHO SAYS EDITORS ARE NOT IN LUCK—SOMETIMES?

### SHOULD FEMALES BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?

That's the question. If no election would be held on Monday, that being a ways "washing day."

### WHAT PART OF IRELAND ARE YOU FROM, MR. DOHENY?

"Ah, be me powers, I'm from the whole of it now," said Doheny.

### IT IS SAID THAT THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A BALKY HORSE PULL, IS TO TIE A STRING TIGHT AROUND THE EAR.

### MRS. SMITH SAYS THAT THE NOTICES OF "STICK NO BIS," SEEN ON ALL FENCES, HAS REFERENCE ONLY TO BARK BILLS.